

UNITY

AND THE UNIVERSITY.

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

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THE race reinforces the person. The giants in history owe much of their stature to the discredited masses. No man can be great alone. He must ever be measured by his relations to his fellows.

THERE can be no compromise between a man's soul and the truth. The visitor must have all welcome or none. When Emerson said that art was a jealous mistress, he must have read art into all truth, and meant the eternal basis by which all things exist. T.

THE *Independent* for October 14th "does itself proud" in issuing a number consisting of thirty-six pages, containing what is probably the best and most complete reports of the Congregational Council and the Episcopal Convention, being held in this city at that time. If these reports were equaled anywhere it was in the *Christian Union*, and the enterprise shown by both these papers in this matter is very commendable and the result satisfactory to the reading public.

NO FRIENDSHIP known to high minds demands sacrifice. The wise lover in wishing me, wishes not an echo of himself. 'Tis but petulance that draws heavily on a man, and asks for the surrender of his individuality. Duty is no sacrifice, highest conceived. Here is the day and the place: if I fit not myself to it, where may I go? The soul lives by such logic. The divine in man imposes no horror in the shape of a duty. It is only when we half-accept our functions that we perform perfunctorily. True duteness implies gladness. Therefore, in that we serve our friends, we serve most happily when our own nature, not theirs, is expressed. T.

CLEANLINESS is *never* next to godliness, as the teacher has it: ever, in all worlds, it *includes* the divine element in man. Purity masters all other facts of the universe, and through it, and it alone, the gods may be seen in their high estate. The eye becomes the one eternal witness. T.

MEN come to believe their little mental worlds adapted to the requirements of every hour and each person. But even less than you can explain Emerson by Judas can you make the needs of the one fit the other. If the neighbor is right to have been *born* unlike his fellow he is entitled to *live* in that unlikeness. This accords with a divine law to which we must submit. "Faith" marks him who most cheerfully assents to this revelation. He blasphemes who rebels against the law. T.

THAT excellent periodical, *Shakespeariana*, published by the Leonard Scott Publication Co., of Philadelphia, announces the intention of opening what it calls a school of Shakespeare. This school, as well as we understand it, is to be something like a Chautauqua circle, omitting, perhaps, the pledge as to the hours of study each day, etc. (which, however, might be an excellent feature), and *Shakespeariana* offers itself as the medium of communication and exchange of information and ideas to all Shakespeare clubs, classes and students everywhere. In the November number Professor Thom will suggest a scheme for a course of Shakespeare study, taking the Merchant of Venice, Hamlet and The Tempest as the ground to be gone over this winter. In the same number Miss Hersey, of Boston, will issue the first of a series of questions on the Merchant of Venice, with bibliographical and other additions. All Shakespeare clubs, or persons intending to form such, would surely do well to put themselves in communication with the editor of *Shakespeariana*, 114 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

WE call attention to the account in "Notes from the Field" of a meeting held on Sunday last in Janesville, Wis., in the interest of the Associated Charities. It was conducted under the auspices of the Council of Charity officers, a national organization whose object is to establish the principles and methods of organized charity in every part of the country. The members of the council are all persons who are giving their entire time to the work of scientific charity, and in so far are professionals. They have divided the United States into missionary districts, and are ready to "lend a hand," by correspondence or otherwise, in promoting the plans which they believe have in them so much help for the poor and the rich. The council has established a system of correspondents for charity purposes, which promises great usefulness. A list was published in September, 1885, and a revised list is now preparing. They want a correspondent in every village and city in the country. We invite our readers living in the smaller towns and villages where organized charity has not been introduced to offer their services in this capacity. The correspondence will never be onerous, and each correspondent will have a printed list of all the others, and anything else the council may publish. The expenses of the council are defrayed by a few of the larger charity organization societies who vote annual con-

tributions to its funds. The expenses of meetings like the one mentioned above are defrayed by the resident society, if there be one, or by those in the vicinity who are interested. Friends in any city in the union wishing to organize its charities and desiring information, speakers for meetings, etc., may address the president of the council, W. Alex Johnson, 116 La Salle street, Chicago, or its secretary, N. S. Rosenau, Fitch Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

MEN spend a lifetime in search for material fortune who seem to regret the least outlay of time or matter in the pursuit of character. This reverses the correct judgment of values. It seems almost commonplace to say such a thing. Yet there is no commonplace thought which, in becoming commonplace, has been attended with so little embodiment in the racial constitution. The world's atlas—or that foundation deeper still—is never material, but is in the unspeakable beauty of soul alone.

T.

CHARACTER is the "still small" force in man, which, growing through turbulence and peace, is rarely recognized in all its beauty till some crisis in life calls for its highest exercise and finds it responsive. The great souls of fame, the great equal souls in obscurity, have alike that supreme sense of duty which commands the universe in moments of calamity. Thus are we often heard to describe one as having "risen superior to the situation". This is both statement and prophecy. By picturing the loftiest, it promises that all men may finally make circumstance and season subservient to their behests. The touching mystery displayed in all true nobility of soul lies in the extreme quiet of its growth, which, whether observed through a Socrates or your humblest village hero, goes on and on with its formative instinct though no eye sees or ear hears. And when the hour whispers its question we look upon a ripe decision as immediate which has been making for this one point for a generation.

T.

COMRADESHIP IN THE BIBLE.

Our Bible is a book of *lives*. It is a book of men praying rather than a book of prayer, of men believing rather than a book of beliefs, of men sinning and repenting and righting themselves rather than a book of ethics. It is a book, too, of men *loving*: it is full of faces turned towards faces. As in the procession-pictures frescoed on rich old walls, the well-known men and women come trooping through its pages in twos and threes, or in little bands of which we recognize the central figure and take the others to be those unknown friends immortalized by just one mention in this book. Adam always strays with Eve along the foot-paths of our fancy. Abram walks with Sarah. Rebecca at the well suggests the Isaac waiting somewhere, and Rachel's presence pledges Jacob's not far off. Two brothers and a sister together lead Israel out from Egypt. Here come Ruth and Naomi, and there go David and Jonathan. Job sits in his ashes forlorn enough, but not for want of comforters,—we can hardly see Job for his friends. One whole book in the Old Testament is a love-song about an Eastern king and one of his dusky brides; although to keep the Bible biblical, our modern chapter-headings call the Song of Solomon a prophecy of the love of the Christian Church for Christ. Some persons have wished the book away, but a wise man said the Bible would have lacked, had it not held somewhere in its pages a human love-song. True, the Prophets seem to wander solitary,—prophets usually do. Yet, though we seldom see their ancient audience, they doubtless had one: minstrels and preachers presuppose the faces of a congregation.

But as we step from Old Testament to New, again we hear the buzz of little companies. We follow Jesus in and out of homes; children cluster about his feet; women love him; a dozen men leave net and plough to bind to his their fortunes, and others go forth by twos, not ones, to imitate

him. "Friend of publicans and sinners" was his title with those who loved him not. Across the centuries we like and trust him all the more because he was a man of many friends. No spot in all the Bible is quite so overcoming as that garden scene where the brave lonely sufferer comes back through the darkness under the olive-trees to his three chosen hearts, within a stone's throw of his heart-break,—to find them fast asleep! Once before, in that uplifted hour from which far off he saw Gethsemane,—we call it the "Transfiguration",—we read of those same three friends asleep. The loneliness of that soul in the garden as he paused by Peter's side,—"You! could you not watch with me one hour?"—and turned back into the darkness, into God! Then came the kiss with which another of his twelve betrayed him. No passage in the Gospels that makes him so real a man to us as that; no words that so appeal to us to stand by and be his friends.

Jesus gone, we see the other hero of the New Testament starting off on missionary journeys, but Barnabas, or Mark, or Silas, or Timothy is with him. The glowing postscripts of his letters tell how many hearts Paul loved, and how much he loved them, and how many hearts loved him. What a comrade he must have been—the man who dictated the thirteenth of Corinthians! What a hand-grasp in his favorite phrases—"fellow-laborers", "fellow-soldiers", "fellow-prisoners!" We wonder who the men and women were he names—"Luke, the well-beloved physician", and "Zenas, the lawyer", and "Tryphena, and Tryphosa, and Stachys my beloved". Just hear him send his love to some of these friends: it is the end of what in solemn phrase we call the Epistle to the Romans, what Paul would perhaps have called, "the letter I sent the dear souls in that little church in Rome":

"I commend unto you Phoebe, our sister, that ye assist her in whatsoever business she hath need of you" (help that woman!), "for she hath been a succorer of many, and of myself, too. Greet Priscilla and Aquila, my helpers in Christ Jesus, who have for my life laid down their own necks. Greet Mary, who bestowed much labor on us. Salute Andronicus and Junia, my kinsmen and my fellow-prisoners. Greet Amplias, my beloved in the Lord. Salute Urbane, our helper in Christ, and Stachys my beloved. Salute Tryphena and Tryphosa, who labor in the Lord, and the beloved Persis, and Rufus chosen in the Lord, and his mother—and mine." And so on.

"His mother—his and mine"; no doubt Paul had a dozen dear old mothers in those sea-board cities where he came and went. It brings him very near to us to read such words. Why, if we had lived then and had been "radical" Jews like him, and like him dared and joyed to speak our faith, and for it had been brave enough to stand by his side in labors and in prisons, our names might have slipped into those letters, and we have been among the dozen or twenty picked out from all the Marys and Lukes and Rufuses of the Roman Empire to be enshrined in a Bible postscript and guessed about eighteen hundred years afterwards,—because Paul had once sent his love to us in a letter! I would far rather spare some of the words in which he tells as his thought of the Christ and the Church than those names that huddle at his letter-ends. They make the Epistles real letters, such as we mailed yesterday. They bring Paul down out of his Bible niche, and forward out of the magnificent distance of a Bible character, and make him just "Paul", alive and lovable; a man to whom our hearts warm still, because his own heart was so warm that men fell on his neck and kissed him when he told them they should see his face no more.

W. C. G.

RACE-BUILDING.

A man's faith in the present is tested by his faith in the future. The pessimist, who may conceive of coming ills that may not be overcome, has no such decisive fiber as makes of his own days a possible promise of future glory. The re-

former who dares confront current iniquities must enter his protest with a forward look. The golden age never arises in the past save to old men's dreams. One well may pause to gaze into the valley, and do it no discredit in his memory, who still recognizes that he will never scale the summit of the hills unless he goes on, up to the untiring land of the suns. Wise fathers have no quarrel with wiser sons: wise generations know well that it took as hard work to achieve their mental hold on the genesis of things as it could later children to perceive a subtler purpose. The law of growth is for strong men. The fearless thought that dares be outdone is the uncrowned king. The servants of the day have but the day in return. There is a remorseless tendency in history which has its different meanings to different minds, but ever works on calmly to its ends. If we get into this current once, we are done with weights and measures, and have learned a new faith of divinity. Sons may then see sons in the fathers, and fathers see fathers in the sons, till all time becomes related, and the intimacy of men and ages becomes sublime. The thought is beautiful when we have dropped our jealousies and most sternly assumed our tasks. It brings a meaning into human capacity that shames the common ideals to which we are accustomed.

I find it hard to conceive how those men can feel nearly related to the great Christlike souls of history who become merely servile imitators and make their apishness the shibboleth of a brutal conceit. It is not kinship that makes the child anxious to have its being stereotyped to the parental form. We are near to Jesus, to Buddha, to Socrates, not in being sacrificed on crosses or victimized by poison, but in making manifest in ourselves as single an impulse toward duty and justice under modern conditions as they evidence in the face of their own peculiar trials. True reverence is wholly disconnected from echoes. As well have the dumb hills respond to the cry of the human heart as have a service that merely repeats what other men in other circumstances have conceived and spoken. If one age succeeded another in the same round of search, if evil wore unceasingly the crowns of virtue, if the down-making faculties were never to be bent to some higher usefulness than the feeble hands of one generation could give them—for what would be the life of man, arrested, as it were, midway in the path of divine achievement? *What did man's first step on the road of improvement mean if it did not implicate the final hour and the goal?* That one evil could ever have been turned from its horror and made subject to good influences—that is equally the glory and the pledge. Human sanity was written in the first blow ever struck for right. You cannot put up frail denials against that. Back, back, as man can tell how far, in the primeval night, the "word of the Lord" was whispered through human muscles and souls into majestic endeavor. Then the long generations came, and in every child was contained the future, the present and the past, interfused so subtly as to make the soul uncertain which bore him as nearest of kin. Never wholly before Jesus, nor with him nor after, but through all, the divine unity speaks, and men discover their relationship to eternal things. The highest souls have always known this, and refused to honor the localisms of faith. They have stood for all time or none. They have wept with Buddha as well as with Parker, over human woes. They have believed nothing instituted in a joke, and felt the equal importance of ages that they did not know with those that had taken them into confidence. Indeed, the sympathy of master-souls rises into a higher thankfulness whose bound reaches beyond history, afar to days that *must* have been no less for not having a page in our meagre records of a few thousand years. The magnificence of so ennobling a conviction fills no mind but to its own glory.

H. L. T.

THE study of Christ, not of creeds, is the best basis of theology.

Contributed Articles.

ARIEL.

Joyfully flying
Into the light,
Wonders descrying,
Venturesome sprite.
Over the heather
Nimble and gay,
Light as the ether
That bears him away.

Calling wild storm-clouds
Out of the spray,
Giant-like billows bowed
Under his sway.
Veiling life's rainbow
In sorrowful mist,
Gilding with subtle glow
Love zephyr-kissed.

Ah, this bright spirit
Winging the air,
Oft do we hear it
Breathing despair,
From the silence of solitude
Striving to flee;
From the sharpness of servitude
Soaring thought free!

J. M. F.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE CHURCH A MORAL EXPOSITION.

A woman deeply interested in many moral reforms once complained to a friend that the liberal church of her choice did so little directly to aid in making those reforms better understood and more effectively helped. "You are wrong", said her friend, "you want the church to be a moral workshop. That isn't what it's for. It is for the cultivation of the religious sentiment; for the building up of faith in the divine order; and for the stimulation of the moral purpose in its application to the plain, ordinary duties of life. It isn't meant to put folks into heroics of reform over the mending of the world. It's to teach men and women to trust God, and to mend themselves! It's meant to help folks do their simple every-day work as best they can; to help them bear sorrow and pain and loss more bravely and patiently, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world."

The complainant was silenced for the time, yet afterward the thought came, "No, I don't want the church made a moral work-shop. I want it kept clean of all the detail-drudgery and the partisanship, the narrower and more transient elements of reforms. I, too, think it should be chiefly busied with revealing to the individual soul the hope that lights sorrow's night; the dignity and the worth of the duty that lies nearest; and the winning beauty of personal holiness. But if not a moral work-shop, should not the church aim to be a moral exposition? Should it not aim to increase the moral intelligence, as truly as to stir to action the moral purpose? If ethics includes, as it surely does, both the doing of the known duty and the clearest possible understanding of what is truly best to do in all circumstances, then must not the church be a teacher of the collective moral apprehension as truly as an inspirer of the individual conscience? And if this be so, then the church must not only win men to obedience to the accepted law of right, but more and more, as the relations of life grow more complex, show them how the standard of right has risen, and is rising, and where lie the promise-lands of future good. This would make it the world's great industrial exhibition in the field of ethics."

Then would be welcomed, as they are not now, the heralds of the growing ideals, those who worship at the manger-cradles of the future's hope, as well as those who sing the hallelujahs of past redemptions. The intellectual stimulus; the personal character-building; the cultivation of the worshipful and trustful spirit in man; all these the church must give and give abundantly. And to these must be added, if it is to keep or make in the future the highest place of authority, the clear-visioned, brave-voiced, wise-balanced training of the moral intelligence in its decisions. The great world-wrongs which burn into the minds and hearts of genuine reformers: the injustice shown women; the perversion of childhood through evil influences; the drink-temptation and its results; the secret sins of social impurity; the labor problem; the pauper problem; the charity problem; the races and nations denied equality of rights; the wrongs of ignorance and weakness and foolishness everywhere; these great world-wrongs, have they no place in a church? If so, then to the increasing number to whom "conduct is three-fourths of life" that church vainly liveth. Not that one string or another should be forever harped upon, not that the "popular" and often unphilosophical platform speech should be transferred to the pulpit,—not this. But rather, that the full chord of human experience and duty be struck at the highest altar of humanity's hope and service. As the church year rolls around let all be heard: the minor of suffering and the major of joy; the despair that cries on Calvaries of doubt and agony "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and the triumph that sings "Hallelujah! my help cometh", "the wrong that needs resistance", and the eternal right that reigneth forever and ever!

A moral exposition as well as an intellectual laboratory wherein all the treasures of the mind are transmuted into the food of religion. A moral exposition as truly as a character-school wherein the individual life is trained to the highest it can reach in every-day's humble effort. A moral exposition of all the industries which are making more favorable soil of circumstance, and "climate of opinion" for the lives now too burdened or stunted for the personal appeal adequately to stir noble growth. A moral exposition in which each worker may see, not only how the smallest service done with integrity is majestic and important, but where each may see the relation of his little deed to the great onmoving of the world.

How much this element of the work and influence of the true church has been ignored is shown by the fact that men and women have "glorified God and his holy prophets in the sanctuary" for a generation, and then failed to know, or worse yet, opposed the messenger that declared the present "thus saith the Lord" of newly revealed truth.

In the Jerusalems where prophets still are stoned, in the temples where many cry "Lord, Lord!" yet know not what is their duty to man, in the high places where the Ideal Perfect is worshiped, there should the people learn all that is known of human justice and love.

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER.

TROY, New York.

PEW-POLITENESS.

It being vacation with me, I went to church yesterday, and heard a young preacher, a native of this city, now of Chicago, who delivered an extempore discourse of great originality, eloquence and power. To be sure, he had a mannerism which seemed a little odd, and he was very liberal, as well as unconventional, for an evangelical preacher. I looked about the church, and saw, I should say, one-fourth of the audience in evident mental distress, with their heads dropped or turned aside. I could account for some of it—the ignorant portion—in the fact that he was once a poor boy in the streets of this city, and also in the anxiety his family friends felt lest he should be like Icarus, who took his lofty flight and fell; for this young man was *Icarine*, to coin a word, in his start, but if he did not reach the sun he lighted square on his feet, and with-

out tumble or stumble. But I asked myself what right had any gentleman or lady to turn up the nose or drop the eyes, or show manifest signs of displeasure or disgust? He had a right to speak, and to be heard, and the ill at ease, if meaning not to be rude, but polite, could have faced the man like a Christian, and expressed their indignation internally or after church. There, I don't know that I need to make the application to general church or pew politeness; it is already made, in this statement fresh and clear in mind.

Now, indulge me a moment, kind reader, if you are a church-goer, while I enumerate a few things that are impolite, and give a few reasons why you should be polite in church. I suppose I shall tell you no news; and yet you astonish me on Sunday; you are polite in your home, in the street, in your office; you have the atmosphere of a lady or a gentleman, and you take some pains to follow the ordinary rules of etiquette; you look me square in the face when we are in conversation; I never saw you look to the floor, or up in the ceiling, or out of the window, or into vacancy when I have been in your parlor or your place of business for a chat; why, then, do you become rude and boorish the moment you step into church? You are better dressed than you were at those other places; everything about you seemed to call for more careful politeness. I think it must be that you forget yourself, or the requirements of the place and the occasion. Let me tell you what you did. In the first place you were late, as usual, and your coming in interrupted the preacher who was reading scripture, or a hymn, or was invoking the blessing. There were one-half of the church more or less disturbed, and the benefit of the opening service, the effectiveness, was all lost. Then you paraded into your pew, and by your manner called attention to the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Grand had honored the occasion with their august presence. I watched you carefully, and you never, but once, looked up toward the minister, and that was when he read a notice of some kind of a gathering to be held in the parlors of Mrs. Jones's new residence, and you dropped your eyes and even kept in your seat through prayer and singing, until the benediction came, and you seemed to say, What nonsense to be doing as all the rest do? This was the lady. And I saw a gentleman come in late also, and he sat, side to the minister, looking into the head of the pew, for he was the only occupant. Once in a while he looked up to the preacher when he happened to say something that struck him as interesting, then he sank down again into a saggy kind of a state, half comatose and half wilful, as much as to say, "What nonsense these ministers do get off, what miserable talk, what wretched music, what a set of ignoramuses these church-goers are; I came today the first time for a month, and I guess it will be the last for a year." But, my dear sir, such infrequent visits, and such slight interest in the service are not over-hard on you; could you not have been polite for a brief hour? You are sorely in need of that very gospel which seems so senseless, for it everywhere says, in spirit or word, Be ye courteous, be ye kind, forbearing, tender-hearted, seeking another's, not your own honor or good; be ye charitable, suffer evil, endure contradictions, consider thyself, and so on. Could'st thou not watch with the minister one hour of, it may be, dull service? You are a polished, educated gentleman in society, why not be a gentleman at church?

Inattention, careless positions and whispering in the gallery, or in the choir, or in the pew, are acts of impoliteness for which there is no apology or valid excuse. A pew full of young people will show their breeding during a church service, especially if it be an evening service. You can tell the kind of home by the conduct of young folks at church. There is no better test. You can tell their sense and brains as well as culture by the evident signs of candor and appreciation manifested. I say young people; but is it as true of adult people? I don't want to say so; for, as I have said, the gentleman at his home or office will be a brute at church, or a churl, at least; he seems to put on the critic's cap at once, and to treat the preacher there as he would not

think of doing at his home, or toward a wild Indian in business matters. It really seems of no importance to such people to carry their politeness into the pew or the church. The reasons for politeness in church are the same as for any other place, only they are more binding: the place, the day, the serious character of the object, the public exhibition of a bad temper being so injurious to one's character and reputation for gentlemanliness or ladylikeness; what is due to others and to one's self as well as to the occasion, the influence of ill behavior on those about us, the tendency to personal demoralization—all these and many other things make it desirable that one should honor the pew by a polite demeanor, be he or she young or old, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, in his own church or in another's, pleased or displeased. One of the basal principles of politeness is the art of suppression, self-restraint, calm, undisturbed outward appearance, whatever perturbations there may be within. The truthfulness of what I have here said is sufficient apology for my frankness, to say nothing of the prevalence of pew impoliteness.

FALL RIVER, Mass.

A. JUDSON RICH.

PATIENCE TO WAIT.

In a recent sermon before the Unitarian Society, at Geneva, Ill., the following illustration was used:

The patience to wait is the patience needed by all who meet slow results, and yet who feel that their cause is good. Here, for a familiar instance, in our own little religious society, how often we are downcast, some of us, because our seats are not all occupied on a stormy Sunday, and because, time after time, our yearly subscription paper is slow in being filled. The world, we exclaim, is laggard! And even those whom we would expect *certainly* to be interested, are, most frequently, delinquent. If every one in town here who "belongs" with us should come every Sunday, this little room would be crowded! So we often say. If every one, even, should come who *could* come, from the families now *represented on our church books*, we should invariably have from 150 to 200 present, at the lowest calculation. "And then", we go on, "the other societies in town have so many more earnest workers!" The self-sacrificing women and the generous men are all always somewhere else! "We haven't any people, or any money, or any influence to speak of,"—our very name, even, is not found often in the *Kane County Astonisher*, as other societies' names are! And so on.

Friends, let us cease all this! We have *just* as many earnest workers as any other society; our influence is as great, and our money comes altogether as easily as theirs. If we all have PATIENCE, the patience to wait, and do what we can willingly,—not asking first how much some one else will give or do and then proportioning our own gifts and efforts accordingly; but doing all we can to begin with, and keeping this up all the way along, then we certainly shall prosper. We shall prosper exactly in the degree that we are deserving of prosperity. Do not let us worry and fret, and wear out our strength in worrying and fretting, but have patience, and go ahead bravely.

I believe Liberal Religion is to prosper in this land. I believe sometime this church *will* be filled,—though it may not be for fifty years yet, and so we have, possibly, fifty years of patience ahead of us. But even that need not disconcert us. No one can go down into the dust any more nobly than with the words, "*His hope was always universe-wide*", engraved above our bodies. I hope that may be engraved over mine.

Fifty years—five hundred years—is not a very long time to wait, considering the slowness of the way in which Nature always works. There are no "cataclysms" in Nature. With her, everything of good comes through *growth*. Even a thousand years, to her, are but as a day, when it is past, and as a watch in the night. Often she takes a *hundred million* years to condense a star from the fire-mists.

Unitarianism is a star. A revivalistic comet can blaze around the earth in ten seconds. Then it goes out. A star survives.

"Patience, sad heart, and cease repining."

What reformers all the world over need is patience—the patience to wait. Friedrich Froebel set the advance thought of the world an admirable example for all time. Once when the Baroness von Bülow was lamenting to him the slow and imperfect progress of his kindergarten thought, he exclaimed to her, "If three hundred years after my death my method of education shall be completely established according to my idea, I shall rejoice in heaven". Let something of Froebel's patience be ours.

If we work at all, we *must* work after the methods of Nature. For that which is good and permanent, long and wise preparation is necessary. The gods are never in a hurry; their wheels whirl slowly. Let us join with *them*.

JAMES H. WEST.

The Dome.

FIFTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

One-fifth of your life, my mercurial boy,
Already has hastened away,
If an age that not many can ever attain
Be allowed for your coming to stay.

Three spans added on the one you have crossed
Of the bridge over time's flowing stream,
Bring you on to the arch where your father now stands,
And shorter the distances seem.

Do you wonder they say "life is short—life is short"?
"Use the time—use the time", as it goes?
'Tis the flavor we put every day into life
Makes it bitter or sweet as it flows.

You must lay the foundation in honor and truth
If your structure you wish to be strong,
And busy and prompt you must be in your youth
That success to your age may belong.

Doors open before you on every hand
To every science and art;
All lead not to happiness—only the one
Whose key is true kindness of heart.

M. H. W. W.

A GALLANT THRUSH.

A young Highlander, having set a horse-hair noose in the woods, was delighted one morning to find a female song-thrush entangled therein. He carried home his prize, put it into a roomy, open braided basket, secured the lid with much string and many knots, and then hung the extemporized cage upon a nail near the open window. In the afternoon, the parish minister was called in by the boy's mother, who wished him to persuade her son to set the captive free. While the clergyman was examining the bird through the basket, his attention was called to another thrush perched on a branch opposite the window. "Yes!" exclaimed the boy, "and it followed me home all the way from the woods."

It was the captive's mate, which, having faithfully followed his partner to her prison, had perched himself where he might see her, and she heard the sad, broken notes that chirped his grief.

The clergyman hung the basket against the eave of the cottage, and then the two retired to watch what might happen. In a few minutes, the captive whispered a chirp to her mate's complaints. His joy was unbounded. Springing to the topmost spray of the tree, he trilled out two or three exultant notes, and then alighted on the basket-lid, through a hole in which the captive had thrust

her head and neck. Then followed a touching scene. The male bird, after billing and cooing with the captive, dressing her feathers and stroking her neck, all the while fluttering his wings, and crooning an under-song of encouragement, suddenly assumed another attitude. Gathering up his wings, he erected himself, and began to peck and pull away at the edges of the hole in the basket's lid. The bird's ardent affection, and his effort to release his mate, touched the clergyman, mother and boy.

"I'll let the bird go!" said the boy, in a sympathetic voice, as he saw his mother wiping her eyes with her apron.

The basket was carried to the spot where the bird had been snared. The cock thrush followed, chirping abrupt notes, as if assuring his mate that he was still near her. On arriving at the snare the clergyman began untying the many intricate knots which secured the lid, while the cock bird, perched on a hazel bough, watched silently and motionless the process of liberation. As soon as the basket-lid was raised the female thrush dashed out with a scream of terror and joy, while the male followed like an arrow shot from a bow, and both disappeared behind a clump of birch trees. It was an excellent lesson for the boy—one which he never forgot.—*United Presbyterian*.

Absence of occupation is not rest;
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed.

The Study Table.

Poems. By James Vila Blake. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co.; Boston: Geo. H. Ellis. Cloth, pp. 188. \$1.00.

From *proem* to *epode*, here is a book which is like no other. We could find a fit motto for the title page in two lines from "Cædmon":

"'Twas thus we learned to sing;
The soul first, who taught me",

since high thoughts and intense fervor mark this as strictly inspirational verse; but most of all we find the charm of the book to lie in

"that cheer, invincible and sweet",

so grateful to the soul; there is not a morbid line in these pages—the airs of heaven blow away the fogs of the brain. We cannot better define the attitude of the artist toward his art than by two lines of his own quintrain:

"Who sees the truth, liveth with poetry,
And singeth when he tells what he doth see".

We have awaited with some impatience the appearance of this volume, feeling that it would mark an epoch in Western literature. We use the term advisedly. Western literature, despite all sneers or deprecating smiles, is already a thing of the present. We say no longer apologetically: "A poor thing, sirs, but mine own", but "These are our beginnings". What a decade ago was no more than a grain of mustard seed, is to-day a thrifty plant. It is no hot-house exotic, but a sturdy, deep-rooted, out-of-doors thing, indigenous to the soil, that has *come to stay*. Here is its latest blossom to-day.

There is a wilding flavor to these songs, a tang as of the "sarvice berry", a ruddy flush as of haw, a mellow sweetness and spice as of May-apple ripened in June woods. They breathe the freshness of untilled meadows and new penetrated wood fastnesses. Whether we drift with the singer through the watery lanes of wild rice, or watch the drifting snow of bloodroot petals, or note how falls the rain on the road to Carmel, we feel that he has taken his impressions of nature at first hand.

The master tone is present throughout, even though jarred into discord here and there as if for very wantonness; where we are most inclined to quarrel with the singer for a certain looseness of form, a closer harkening reveals a

majestic rhythm upbearing and sweeping on the straggling lines. After such poems as "*Sursum Corda*", "*Dead Grief*", "*Wait on the Lord*", there is an uplifting of the heart as after a cathedral psalm. No UNITY reader will have forgotten the haunting melody of "*In Him*" with its exquisite close:

"Thou in Him
Liest as dim

*As yellow wings in golden atmosphere,
Or in the sea each separate spiritual sphere."*

"Sharing", "Estranged", "Love", take rank as perfect lyrics, so also "Wedded", the "Song" on page 72, and the dainty triplet, "Rest":

"Noon rest, soft west, the evening tolling bell,
Star light, dense night, the murmurous witching spell—
How dear when we are weary who can tell?"

Over which we sigh with Orsino:

"That strain again—it hath a *dying fall*!"

The love songs, and they are many, are tender, pure and sweet, fusing delicate fancy and intense feeling; here is no Rossetti-like rending of bridal curtains; but then the ideal woman of love lyrics differs as far from the woman of the English poet as Our Lady of Melos from the Venus de Medici. There are few examples in modern verse to equal the tender depth and fervor of "*Amoris Avaritia*", "One Love", "Nay, Adonais", "Where", "Voyage", and certain of the Quintrains.

We are curious to know just what the chorus of "irresponsible indolent reviewers" are going to say about this volume, and cannot restrain a smile as we fancy one of the fraternity wrestling with the meter of "Cædmon" or "The Three Rabbins" or "Sychar". See him take out his little iambic foot rule, (furnished by the gross at each freshwater college), and gauge a line here and a line there, and mark the dazed glance that fails to detect the hexameter masquerading in four-line stanzas, or searches the Manuals of Verse for the definition of the quintrain. To Mr. Blake his brother singers owe a debt of gratitude for his venturesomeness; the trend of his style of late has been more and more toward that unexplored field which lies before the English lyricist. The capabilities of English, as a language of subtle metrical effects, are but half developed. Now and then a poet is found bold enough to make a rush afield; mark Edgar Fawcett's dactylic trip in the sonnet, or Lanier's larger rhythmic effects, but the truant is soon lashed into line and held to the old lock-step. We offer you Mr. Blake as a scapegoat, O reviewers, lash him, annihilate him if you will. But none the less the heresies you scourge are to obtain more and more in English verse from this day on.

The pentameter of "The Three Rabbins" is a departure from the beaten track as notable in its way (a different way) as Aldrich's "Piazza of St. Mark's at Midnight". Why is it none of our young poets have ventured farther along these new-blazed forest-trails? Are they too busy rondeau-ing, villanelle-ing, triolet-ing, to perceive that here are two fresh examples of the capabilities of English for giving out unhackneyed melodies and rhythms?

The translations, of which there are twenty-four, are uniformly excellent. The aim of the translator throughout has been to render the thought of the poet, not to permeate that thought with another personality. Any one curious to know good from bad should compare one of Mr. Blake's translations with the meretricious work of Bulwer Lytton. The one translator makes himself the mouthpiece of the poet-soul he interprets—the other mouths the words of his victim, poses à la Goethe or Schiller, even interposes ideas foreign to the original.

It is not without a hidden meaning that the author has made "Wild Rice" his initial poem. "Therefore, Wild Rice, I will not wish thee tilled." We also "love the wildling". But where a song is set to certain fixed measures it is as well to adhere to the meter elected. For lack of this "touch of self-restraining art" the

longer poems are the least happy. All are noble in conception and shot through with lines of light—with luminous thought; but Mr. Blake has a way of scouting such words as "and" and "the" as something beneath a poet-craftsman's note; and there are slovenly lines in "John Atheling" and "Love and Law" which are inexcusable:

"Apostate? Disobedient? Or only foolish?"

is a line which refuses to be classified under any head. Such Alexandrines as

"With sweet implicitness of faith obediently,"

and

"As pure and holy music keeps its votaries"

occur with exasperating frequency. It will be long before we forgive the poet for the shock of

"Riding on the back of a hurricane."

As for the lines

"When highest rose the song, down from the pinnacle
Of music rushed the vessel into the waters",

even the rapid enunciation of our western speech, with its frequent elisions and gliding accentuation, refuses to pen them within the bounds fixed for the heroic line.

Go to, Sir Bard! is this blank verse? or no?
Be these iambs? Shall the lithe, slow length
Of Alexandrines clog the onward sweep
Of the much-suffering heroic line?
Does one interpolate a jiggling bar
From Pinafore in oratorio? ? ? ?

Venturesome experiment with new meters is one thing, wilful indulgence in faulty lines which a moment's thought would mend, is quite another; so if any critic sees fit to fall foul of the author for such vicious lines as these cited, we shall cry hearty Amen.

But these are but the spots upon the sun—the surface-flaw which smoothed away can but add another facet to the diamond. The book from first to last is instinct with life; fresh without crudeness, strong without rankness, marked by a virility of tone which is in pleasing contrast to the die-away, love-lorn lisps of the modern choir. We close the pages with a grateful sense that the race of "merry blythe singers" has not died out utterly, as we had feared; and moved to chant with our poet:

"When thou hast climbed a tree, then pluck the cherry
A bird hath pecked: they know a rich ripe berry.
So, in the climb of life, follow the merry
Blythe singers of the earth, buoyed above strife:
They know the best and sweetest things of life."

A. W. B.

Grammar for Common Schools. By B. F. Tweed, A.M., late Supervisor in the Boston schools. Boston: Lee and Shepard. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

Tweed's Grammar for Common Schools "has been prepared at the request, and with the assistance, of Mr. R. C. Metcalf, supervisor of English and grammar in the Boston public schools." "The general grammatical facts", says the author, "I have tried to state as simply as possible; and I believe they are sufficient to explain the construction of language as used by our best speakers and writers." The facts and principles of language are certainly stated clearly enough, and where a *very brief* exposition is desired this little volume would be just the thing. But our thought is, that when grammar is studied at all, the many knotty questions which are sure to arise, should, at least in some text-book obtainable by the pupil, be much more exhaustively treated.

A Phantom Lover. A Fantastic Story. By Vernon Lee. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 50 cents.

One's expectations naturally rise high in taking up a book by the author of "Baldwin", but it would seem as if

Vernon Lee had written "A Phantom Lover" more by way of amusement than with any serious purpose. It is a psychological study of an imaginative woman who fancies herself in love with a man of a hundred years before her time, who had been a lover of her great-grandmother. She carries the fancy so far that at last her husband becomes infected with it, and in a fit of insane jealousy kills her and himself. All this is cleverly told, but to what purpose?
K.

Lives of the English Poets. By Samuel Johnson, LL.D. Cassell & Company, New York. Paper, 10 cents.

Johnson's Lives of the English Poets have been, for several generations, books that no library could be complete without. Cassell & Company are showing, in reprinting them in neat ten cent editions, something better to do in the way of giving our people good cheap books than pirating books of living English authors. The present volume, No. 36, contains lives of Butler, Denham, Dryden, Roscommon, Spratt, Dorset, Rochester, and Otway. The introduction by John Morley is worth the price of the book. Let us hope the printing of this is not piracy.

Golden Mediocrity. A novel. By Eugénie Hamerton. Boston: Roberts Brothers. \$1.00.

A dangerous title for any but a work of the highest genius, for it irresistibly tempts the reviewer to attribute mediocrity to the novel. Indeed the book is mediocre, "but that is its only fault". Its tone is healthy, its style neat and generally pleasing, and the characters well rounded. Its moral is the superiority of modest social standards to the code of manners and morals that sacrifices love, tranquillity and happiness to display and the hope of social distinction.
K.

Poverty Grass. By Lillie Chace Wyman. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

A volume of short stories from real life—the real life of the factory towns of New England. Strong, sweet and helpful stories they are, telling of the aspirations, sympathy and love that come into "unlikeliest hearts" and make bright places in lives that to outward view are all shadow. And the stories show, better than can tables of statistics, some of the social problems that are pressing for solution.
K.

Studies of Animated Nature. By W. S. Dallas, F. L. S., and others, being No. 84 of the Humboldt Library.

This standard work needs no comment or commendation at our hands, and though Fitzgerald, the publisher, deserves praise for giving us so good a work in so cheap a form, he has aided popular science in this way so much that further praise seems superfluous.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S home, Yasnaya Poliana, has become a refuge for the homeless poor, where they are clothed and fed, and loaded with useful gifts. Its master incessantly repeats that he intends to give all his fortune to the poor, forsake his family and friends, and labor as a common peasant. His strong face is already quite familiar through the various illustrated papers which have lately printed his portraits. A Russian newspaper, one of whose reporters recently called upon Tolstoi, writes that the great novelist now lives in a common country house, consisting of one immense room, and filled with all sorts of necessary articles, including libraries of useful books and manual tools. His children work in turn at the bench or at the desk. When the one quits his manual labor, the other leaves his intellectual task and takes his place.

Unity Church-Door Pulpit.

OUR CHRISTIAN POSITION.

A SERMON PREACHED AT THE FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH, "CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH", CHICAGO, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1886,
BY REV. DAVID UTTER.

Published by the Congregation.

I am to speak today of our Christian position; but in announcing my subject thus I would not like to have it seem that we are boasting that we are Christians; and neither is it the intention to announce beforehand a decision upon the question that has been raised among us and much discussed within the the last year, whether Unitarians are Christians.

And, first of all, I would say that to me the somewhat heated discussion of the past summer within our own ranks, as to whether the word Unitarian must of necessity mean Christian, has seemed uncalled for and almost foolish. For there is hardly room for a shadow of doubt that Unitarian has always meant Christian to all those inside the body; and although from the beginning there have been people who have denied us the name, persons who did not believe as we do, who thought our belief was wrong, and so wrong that it should really cut us off from all claim to the Christian name, yet we Unitarians have always stoutly maintained that we had as good a right to be called Christians as others, and when in boastful mood would urge as strongly that we were actually as good Christians as anybody.

And, furthermore, so far as I am informed, I am not sure that *anybody wants* to make the name Unitarian mean anything else than Christian. There may be two or three individuals, following out minutely some strictly logical interpretation of our principles of fellowship, who have reached the conclusion that in reality perhaps it is doubtful whether we ought to claim to be Christians; but if so, their processes of reasoning are too acute, their logic deals with ideas too abstract, their theories are too finely spun to take any hold upon the popular mind or produce any lasting effect.

So long as Unitarians build churches, meet together on Sunday mornings, sing hymns and join in prayers, listen to sermons, carry on Sunday-schools, and in all other ways do the work that Christian churches in our country are

accustomed to do, it seems to me simply a piece of extravagant folly for any one to try to make it appear that we are not Christians.

And yet this discussion means something; and although I fully believe what I intimated a moment ago, that it has been produced by no more than two or three individuals, yet it must be confessed that a few individuals could not create a discussion in which there would be so much general interest without some sort of two-sided cause or question at issue.

The question in this case is the scope and meaning of the Unitarian name, and this is the kind of question that, by its very nature, must always be debatable. For when we think of it, names hardly ever have exactly the same significance for different people; take the simplest name of which you can think, such a common noun as house, for example, and think of what a wide variety of meaning that simple name covers. One man's idea of a house is a great palace, covering a quarter of an acre of ground, or perhaps an acre or more, an immense building as to size, with walls and gates and towers, with rooms of vast proportions, all grandly planned and finished and furnished and decked out in magnificence and splendor. Another, in speaking of his house, means, perhaps, a little structure, of a single room ten or twelve feet square, made of logs or boards; or possibly he may use the name to signify a little cave that he has excavated in the hillside and to which he has fitted a window and a door. And there is no doubt in the mind of any one that the word *house* covers these wide extremes of meaning. When we wish to limit our meaning and define it more closely, we have to use additional words, as stone house, log house, hut, hovel, or dugout.

The significance of names is not determined by the direct efforts of men. No convention was ever called together to legislate upon the meaning of the word house. If such convention were called today, and if it should decide even that the word should be limited to structures

of brick, having not less than seventeen windows and three outside doors, it would take all the governments in the world many years to bring that definition into common use and deprive the word of its many other meanings.

Now this simple illustration leads us into the heart of the matter of the significance of any name. It is determined simply by usage, and not by the will of any man or body of men, consciously acting together for the purpose of putting a certain meaning into the word. Let us see if this is not true in regard to the names of the different denominations of Christians about us; nay, first of all, think of the name *Christian* itself. We read in the book of Acts that the disciples were called Christians first at Antioch, and it is believed that the name was given in derision, was given as we might give a nickname, as we call it, to some clique or party that we did not like. The disciples of Jesus all belonged to one people or nation; they were, though we perhaps may not particularly enjoy the thought, they were Jews, and they had not the slightest notion of giving up the Jewish name or Jewish customs or privileges.

There is an unmistakable indication of this feeling and this state of affairs in the book of Revelation. It is the third chapter, at the ninth verse: Jesus is supposed to be the speaker, and to say to the congregation known as the Church of Brotherly Love, the Church of the Philadelphians, "Behold I will make them of the synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews, but are not, but do lie; behold I will make them to come and worship before thy feet, and to know that I have loved thee."

Here we see the early Christians tenacious in regard to the Jewish name. We see one of the primitive churches called a synagogue, and we see that some have been claiming to be Jews that others did not think worthy of the name,—they are quarreling over the Jewish name as some people nowadays do over the word *Christian*.

And it was at about this same time that somebody, over at Antioch, gave these same peculiar Jews, these Jews who believed in the word of Christ, the name *Christian*. If a vote had been taken then among all the disciples of Christ in the world as to what name belonged to them, as to the name by which they wished to be called, I have no doubt whatever they would have voted almost unanimously that they were Jews, that they were born of that race, that they had a right to that name, that although they were followers of Jesus, he was also of the race of David, and that he never expected his followers to be called after his name, nor called anything but simply Jews or Israelites.

But it is with bodies of people as it is with individuals, *they do not choose their names*, they are named by others and have no choice as to what they shall be called. These Jews who believed the word of Christ were so much under the influence of that word that they deserved to be called Christians, and the world outside observing this, named them Christians, and so they are called unto this day.

And this history has repeated itself over and over again since then. When Luther resisted the Pope in Germany 350 years ago, he claimed that he did it in no sectarian spirit, and he always stoutly maintained that he belonged to the one holy Catholic church. Seceding from that church was not among his intentions, but to purify and save it, to deliver it from the corruption and sin that had attacked it in high places, the indifference and superstition that was eating out its heart among the lowly—these were the great thoughts of Martin Luther.

But the world, the great world outside that looked on, called his followers Lutherans, and they who sympathized with him in other lands taken all together, with his followers afterward, bore the name of Protestants.

When Henry VIII. took the church of England out from under the temporal power of the Pope, he had no intention of creating a church with a different name. But people had to call the movement something, and from the idea that was really behind it, an idea that it suited the king, and Elizabeth after him, to favor, the church became called Episcopal.

And when John Wesley arose from among the common people, rebuking the widespread indifference to matters of religion everywhere prevailing, and preached to multitudes day and night as few men ever have preached since time began, quantity and quality both considered, he meant to be entirely loyal to the church of England; he had no thought of creating a sect, and, indeed, he was in loyal communion with the church of England to the day of his death. Nevertheless, out of that preaching grew a movement and a church, a very great body of really religious people, a body whose good works can neither be estimated nor overestimated, and the world had to have for that people and that movement *a name*, and it simply happened that they were called Methodists.

These illustrations will suffice, but I may add a final one by alluding to our own history.

When Channing and Henry Ware, the professors in Harvard college, and something like half the Congregational ministers in Boston, began to preach a broader kind of Congregationalism than had been preached before, they had no intention of creating a new sect; they hoped to do their work peacefully, to say their word and have it kindly received and approved in some measure by all, and Christians of the Congregational order was all the name they desired or expected to bear. But because they laid stress upon the doctrine of the unity of God, and because they urged that the doctrine of the trinity was nowhere taught in the New Testament, but was a doctrine foisted upon the church in the days of Constantine, those who opposed them began to call them Unitarians, and Unitarians they accordingly became, willingly or unwillingly.

For the most part, being sensible men, I think they did not make any great fight against the name, though they would have fought against it most strenuously had they understood that in taking it they relinquished any part of their right to the *Christian* name. But they said Paul was a Unitarian Christian, Peter and James were Unitarian Christians, the doctrine of the trinity had not *then been heard of*—that was invented or grew up 200 or 300 years later; and so, though Unitarians, we are rather *more than less Christians* on that account.

Furthermore, in becoming Unitarians they did not understand that they even ceased to be Congregationalists. There was, to be sure, at least one prominent church not Congregational that became Unitarian at about this time, that was the first Episcopal church established in New England; I think I am right in saying so. King's Chapel, in Boston, was established for the sake of the royalist governors and officers of the English king that came to the port of Boston while Massachusetts was still a British colony. These officials from the English court, not liking the Puritan form of worship prevailing in Boston, set up King's Chapel and used the form of worship established in the days of Queen Elizabeth. But at the very beginning of the Unitarian movement in New England, King's Chapel, led by its minister at the time, Dr. James Freeman, became decidedly Unitarian, changed its English liturgy to suit the consciences of its worshipers, and since then has been a Unitarian church.

Besides this, there were a few other churches not Congregational who joined the movement; but, in the main, Unitarians are simply Congregationalists from whom the Trinitarian Congregationalists have seceded. This, you know, was literally true in many New England towns; the minister, and the majority of the congregation, becoming Unitarians, the smaller or Trinitarian faction would withdraw, and build a new church in another part of the town.

So we see, considering ourselves historically, that it has never been the intention of the churches known as Unitarian to cease to be either Christians or Congregationalists. Without our consent asked or given, the great outside world has named us Unitarians, and we act the part of men of sense in accepting the name quietly and peacefully.

Now, furthermore, whether that name shall continue in the dictionary of the future and in the thought of the great

mass of the people who use the English tongue to mean a body of Christian people, or whether it shall gradually acquire in the minds of the people who use it a meaning that shall place the body outside the ranks of the Christian church universal, depends not at all upon what we say of ourselves, not at all upon what we resolve in conventions assembled as to whom our name belongs, but simply and solely upon what we are. For the sense of the world is keen, the sight of the world is clear, the determinations of the great world in the use of language are always sound, incontrovertibly sound; and what the great world names a thing, that shall it be called forever, and that, we may depend upon it, it essentially is.

So we need not be in the least concerned lest some one wrest from us a name which we desire to keep; we shall keep it if we deserve it, the public will not be deceived; if we are Christians, they will readily give us the name.

But are we Christians? Do we *deserve the name*? I have already answered this from our standpoint; but we must not forget, we shall not, indeed, be allowed to forget, that from the standpoint of many other people, people who are sure that they themselves are Christians, it is decided that we are not Christians.

Who then is right? What is the true definition of this word? Definitions, I suppose, are ultimately given by majorities; this is the reason that words change in meaning with advancing time. And the word Christian, I suppose, has grown and changed meaning a great deal since it was first used. Meaning originally, as I have said, a Jew who accepted the doctrines and revered the person of Jesus of Nazareth, it came to mean in later ages one who belonged to a very thoroughly organized society, called the Holy Catholic Church, who had joined himself to that society in a certain way, and who maintained his membership therein by a life guided according to certain rules and the requirements of the officers and rulers of the great organization.

Later, under Protestant influences, the word came to mean, has come to mean at least in certain quarters, one who has met with a "change of heart", one who believes himself to have been renewed under the influence and by the power of the spirit of God, his sins forgiven, his nature changed so that he loves the things that by nature he did not love, and hates the things that he by nature loved and desired.

There is still another use of this word, and that is, its use to indicate simple moral goodness, very great benevolence, or a spirit of pure self-sacrifice. In this sense we hear people say of a certain man, "he is a Christian if there is one on earth", meaning that on account of his character he deserves the name regardless of any technicalities as to church membership, or the change of heart, implied in the preceding definitions.

The people who make dictionaries include all these definitions under the word Christian, and so it is a word of very extended meaning and, in some cases, of almost opposite meanings. Unitarians would probably hardly be Christians according to the Roman Catholic idea of what a Christian should be. Yet it is true that that church is very lenient in such matters, is willing to count anybody in among its membership who have any wish to be so enrolled. And something the same is true in regard to the Church of England and the Episcopal church,—it is very easy to become and to be a member of this church in good and regular standing. And, indeed, they are quite ready to count as good "Christians" many people who do not belong to their church. They accept in a very reasonable fashion the broad definition of Christian which includes everybody who is in any sense a disciple or learner of Christ.

When we come to some of the other churches, however, the Baptists, for example, we find an unwillingness to admit that the Christian name belongs to any one who has not become a Christian after their manner of becoming Christian. I think a Baptist would say that no one is a real Christian, however much he may call himself such, who has not first of all met with the change of heart which

is the prerequisite to Christian baptism, and who has not then been immersed in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost.

And I think the Methodist, Presbyterian and the Trinitarian Congregational churches are equally strict in their real opinions as to what it takes to make a man a Christian. I think they all would insist upon the mysterious and miraculous change of heart of which I spoke a moment ago. In insisting upon this they rely upon the words of Christ as reported in the fourth gospel. In the conversation there set down between Jesus and Nicodemus, Jesus says: "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit he cannot enter the kingdom of God." This is understood as equivalent to saying: "Except a man meet with this change of heart and be duly baptized he cannot be a Christian."

Now, inasmuch as the Unitarian churches do not inquire diligently into the state of heart of the people who wish to become members, and especially inasmuch as they do not require it of those who wish to join them that they shall be baptized with water, these people who understand the matter as I have just been setting it forth feel that there is always a great deal of uncertainty in regard to a Unitarian, whether he is a Christian or not.

He *may* be; that is, if he has been *converted* and *baptized* he may come up to the standard definition; but it is not safe to assume that he *does* come up to that standard because he is a member of a Unitarian congregation or church.

Besides this there are, of course, other points that increase the doubt. Unitarians seem to these other Christians of the type last described as woefully deficient in the matter of belief. For example, we generally do not believe that Jesus Christ was a being different in kind from ordinary men; do not believe that he was God, in short, but that he was essentially human, a man, however divinely led or gifted for the work that he was appointed to do. And many of these fellow-Christians of ours—we will give them the name, though they may deny it to us—think that no man can truly be a disciple of Jesus and think of him in such a fashion.

So much as to whether Unitarians are individually Christians. Now we come to the question, is the Unitarian church a Christian church. I suppose this question would receive a negative answer at the hands of the great majority of the ministers and theologians of other churches. Indeed, it is a common way for any of these churches to deny, in regard to all the others, that they are rightly organized, and not being rightly organized they do not fulfill a true definition of a Christian church, that is, they fail to be Christian churches. But such denials receive special emphasis in regard to our organizations.

A church organized upon the idea that a man may be a Christian without submitting to any form or ceremony whatever; a church that admits members without making any inquiry into their experiences, as to whether they have been converted or not; that admits the unbaptized to full membership without question, seems to most theologians and persons skilled in such matters to lack the very essential things.

It seems so, at least, to those who depend most upon logic and strict definitions in determining such questions. But broader views of religion and of the whole matter of church organization, and what are the essential things in Christianity, are constantly gaining. People are remembering more and more, I think, the words of Christ in regard to his disciples, that they should be known by their deeds, as a tree is known by its fruits. And this idea followed out leads up to the thought that, after all, the Christian church that Jesus meant to organize (if organization is not too definite a word), the church, at least, which he would take delight in if now upon the earth, the church which we may say he counts as his own as he looks down upon this earth from those heavenly places in God's nearer presence from which we may imagine, if not believe, that this earth might be seen with all the affairs and

doings of men,—is not so much any existing organization as the mass of those of Christian spirit, the general betterment of human life, the general uplifting of humanity, that has been wrought and is being accomplished through his teaching and in his name.

This is the view of Christianity which we especially represent. We believe that the Christian church is something that has grown up in the world, as a vine or a tree grows from a seed that is planted.

It is true in a certain sense that the tree is in the seed, the germ of it is there, but it is not all there. So the germ of Christianity was in the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, and we thank God for the beginning; but our thought is, that Christianity was not all in the beginning.

Christianity has been growing in the world for two thousand years, and indeed the beginning was not altogether in the work of Jesus. If we say that he planted the seed, then we must not only say that the Jewish nation had prepared the soil, but we must say that Jesus received the seed that he planted from a tree planted by Moses or Abraham perhaps two thousand years before.

Christianity is a growth, not something that was created in heaven, finished, perfected, by the Almighty, and sent to the earth by the hand of Jesus the anointed, but something that has grown here among us men, in entirely natural ways, though according to the divine laws through which is produced everything that we count good.

Now, with this view of Christianity, the Unitarian church is one of the topmost, at least one of the outermost branches of this grand old tree that we may call the Church Universal; a sort of tree of life, growing in the midst of the garden of God, whose roots reach down to the deep waters of the river of life, and whose leaves are for the healing of the nations, whose fruit is spiritual food, whose shadow is heavenly rest,—the Unitarian church is one of the topmost boughs of this Church Universal.

It is attached to the tree; severed from it it would die. This is the great truth seen by Jesus, and announced in the gospel of John; there is one vine, and we are all branches. And as a branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, so a church will die when it ceases to call itself Christian and partake of the common spiritual food that God has provided for us all.

The Unitarian church does not propose to cut itself off, nor to be cut off, from the tree. Though we may seem so far out, to those who are nearer the main stem, that they think we have no connection whatever with the tree, their mistake will not endanger us if we grow and bear our proper fruit, and their denial will injure us little.

I think the comparison not unfair to say, if the Church Universal is a tree, the Unitarian church is one of the uppermost and outermost boughs or branches, just as it would be fair to say the Roman Catholic church represents the great central stem, the hard, hide-bound, bark-bound, fossilized stem, representing the wood made in past ages.

The outermost twigs of a tree contain the buds that represent the new growth, the growth of the future. To the ends of the branches of a tree goes its best life, and through the leaves that are formed there is taken up into the body of the tree much of the material substance that is to assist in its growth and life.

So, it seems to me, the Unitarian churches of to-day bear this relation to the Church Universal. They are in the line toward which is tending the best thought and best life of the older organizations. We stand, as it were, between them and the world, and we take of the things of the world, and fit it, as it were, for the use of Christianity.

Think, for instance, of the new discoveries and theories of science that come up from time to time. Unitarians, laymen and ministers, accept these truths as discovered, show that they are not dangerous, not inharmonious with the true spirit of religion, not inconsistent with the great Christianity that is to be. Then following us come the

more progressive of the other branches of the church; they accept these new scientific truths also; and so gradually the opinion grows that there is nothing dangerous in the case, and finally all the churches adapt themselves to the truth, or adapt the truth to their uses.

Perhaps this comparison would not seem fair or true to the minister of some other Christian church; I cannot say; I only mean to say that this is the way it appears from my standpoint. To me, our church is a twig, a growing branch, strongly and firmly attached to the great tree of the Church Universal.

Our view of the Church Universal is that which we sung at the close of the service last Sunday:

"One holy Church of God appears
Through every age and race,
Unwasted by the lapse of years,
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
Beneath the pine or palm,
One Unseen Presence she adores,
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
To serve the world raised up;
The pure in heart her baptized ones;
Love, her communion cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,
The soul her sacred page;
And feet on mercy's errands swift
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church, thine errand speed;
Fulfill thy task sublime;
With bread of life earth's hunger feed;
Redeem the evil time!"

When it is thus beautifully and poetically expressed, this idea of the Church Universal is very widely accepted; indeed, I think people of all churches all over this country use and rejoice in this hymn.

So I say this idea, *our idea*, of the true Church of God, has deep roots in modern times and is growing. And it seems to me impossible but there shall be a very great growth in this direction in the immediate future. How far such organic growth is to bear the Unitarian name, I do not know, and will not prophesy. But whether it bear the Unitarian name or some other, such as Universalist, or New Orthodoxy, or Congregational, or even Presbyterian, I really care not. In this one thing I am confident and glad, that the future is to give us a wonderful, a great, a beautiful and noble growth, of this broader, freer Christianity; a Christianity founded upon the simple doctrines of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; a Christianity that shall recognize goodness wherever found as acceptable to God; that shall recognize whatever produces righteousness and purity of life as equivalent to true religion; that shall recognize true religion in all sorts of churches and organizations, sometimes even within those which claim to be non-religious.

It is related that once the disciples of Jesus, in their walks abroad, the Master not being with them, found a man casting out devils. He seemed to control the evil spirits as well as Jesus, or the ablest of his disciples. But these disciples forbade him to continue in his good work, because it did not seem to them that he was doing the fair thing by their master. It seemed to them that he ought to come and attach himself to the company of Jesus's disciples, and give him the credit for what he was doing. They reported the matter to Jesus, and he rebuked their narrowness of spirit. He said that they ought not to forbid a good work, in whatsoever name it was done; "for", said he, "he that is not against me is with me."

Let this spirit be in us, and may it grow upon the earth; let us

"remember still
The words, and from whom they came:
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will."

UNITY AND THE UNIVERSITY.

Editors, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, David Utter, James Villa Blake, William C. Gannett, John C. Learned, Henry M. Simmons, Frederick L. Hosmer; Special Editorial Contributors, John R. Efinger, Charles Douglas, Judson Fisher, Edwin B. Champin, Horace L. Traubel, H. Tumba Lyche, Celia P. Woolley, Emma Endicott Mearns, Ellen T. Leonard, and others; Office Editor, Charles H. Kerr. The editors assume no responsibility for the opinions expressed by correspondents. Communications must be marked with the real name of the writer, though not necessarily for publication.

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Notes from the Field.

Women's Western Unitarian Conference.—A directors' meeting was held on October 28 in the pastor's study of the Third Unitarian church. Present: Mrs. West, Mrs. Dow, Mrs. Hilton, Mrs. Mearns and Miss Graves. Mrs. Hilton read report of the treasury to date, explaining, in regard to the September meeting, that, being out of the city at the time, she had sent her financial statement by mail to the president, not knowing that she also was then away from home. The needs of the office as to stationery and tracts having been presented by the secretary, these two motions were carried: That one thousand postal cards with printed heading be procured; second, that the amount to be expended for post-office mission material be left to the discretion of the secretary and treasurer. In response to an invitation received from Rev. J. H. Crooker, of Madison, it was voted that the secretary should represent the Conference at the Inter-State meetings to be held at Winona, Minn., Nov. 10-14. The vacancy in the Literature Committee, caused by Mrs. Whipple's declining to serve, it was voted should be filled by that committee, of which Mrs. West is chairman. Mrs. Hilton spoke of earnest women of the faith, whom she had met during the summer in St. Paul and Minneapolis, also of some with hearts as yet untouched with missionary zeal. In order to spread the awakening interest in this direction she would strongly urge the wide circulation of copies of "Miss Ellis's Mission", that all who could own should read and lend, till many should be moved to take up and carry on the good work to which that noble life was consecrated. The president suggested that well established churches be asked to place at our disposal any Sunday-school books and papers they can spare. As chairman of the Religious Study Class committee she reported that about 400 copies of the "Appeal" had been sent to some fifty individuals in hope of securing a very general organization of such classes in our western churches. She also spoke briefly of the zeal and efficiency of the work of the Women's Auxiliary, as manifested in the meeting at Saratoga.

MARY H. GRAVES.

An Inter-State Conference.—A conference will be held in Winona Nov. 10-12. Rev. Grindall Reynolds will be present and preach the opening sermon, Wednesday evening, Nov. 10. Also will be present: Rev. H. M. Simmons of Minneapolis, Rev. Dr. S. R. Calthrop of Syracuse, N. Y., Rev. Oscar Clute of

Iowa City, Ia., Rev. Kristofer Janson of Minneapolis, Rev. T. B. Forbush of Milwaukee, Hon. H. H. Giles, of Madison, President National Conference of Charities, Miss A. A. Woodward, known to literature as Auber Forrestier, Rev. T. G. Owen of Arcadia, Rev. N. C. Earl of Gilmanton, Rev. J. H. Crooker of Madison, Rev. Jos. Waite of Janesville, and Prof. D. B. Frankenburger of Madison. Truly a notable and a goodly company. It cannot but be a strong and useful conference.

Chicago.—Scarcely a vacant seat was left in All Souls church home last Sunday morning, when Rev. Ida C. Hultin, of Iowa, preached, and the high anticipations of those who had enjoyed her brief word at the dedication service were more than fulfilled. A large congregation gathered in the evening also, to go away with equal satisfaction.

The noon meeting on Monday was led by Mr. Utter. He called attention to the chance afforded by the lesson to inculcate mercy, and in particular mercy to the animals, our dumb fellow creatures. Apply the golden rule to animals, and treat a horse as we would like to be treated if we were a horse. The chapters xi and xii of Isaiah were read and explained. Mr. Utter interprets the hopeful and triumphant language as being applied by the prophet to Hezekiah and his good purposes, and written at the beginning of his reign; the prophet thus appears as full of happy expectation because the reign was piously begun. Chapter xii consists of two little psalms of unknown date.

Boston Notes.—The colleague of Rev. Edward E. Hale, Rev. Edward Hale, is studying the charitable institutions of Boston under direction of his senior; qualifying himself to do yeoman work at the south end, "possibly for the next half century", as Doctor Hale says.

—Mr. W. C. Gannett was guest of the Sunday-school Teachers' Union, and made a very happy response to a call from the president. At the Monday club Dr. Hedge, who had done a little logical sparring with Mr. Gannett, shook his hands cordially, "agreeing to differ". Rev. Brooke Herford invited Mr. Gannett to preach last Sunday in his father's pulpit in his Arlington street church.

—Here in November our four great Unitarian preachers will each give a Sunday evening sermon to the great public in the Howard Athenaeum, a second class theatre, and may later in the winter give a course of four sermons in a democratic skating rink at the other end of the city. Dr. James F. Clarke suggests holding on the evening following a conversation in a neighboring hall upon the subject of each sermon.

—Our Sunday-school Society will take charge of a popular Bible class, to meet on a week-day in the new building.

—Rev. Chas. Wendte has sixty families in his new church in Oakland, Cal., and is very hopeful of making a permanency of his work there.

Luverne, Minn.—It is two hundred and twelve miles from St. Paul and five hundred and sixty-six miles from Chicago, in the shire-town of Rock county, Minnesota, that we have held the first Unitarian service today, the very first blast of the Unitarian trumpet ever sounded here, and the enthusiasm and interest of the people is refreshing and reassuring. The hunger for our word was never more apparent. "He has just kept following me around", said one to me of another—this other being one of the solid men of the town—"telling me how good he felt over the meeting to-day." "He never heard anything like it!" The surprise and joy of one who for the first time hears his inmost thought and feeling outspoken—how real and hearty! A meeting was called of those interested in establishing regular Unitarian services in Luverne, and twenty-five or thirty, out of an

audience of some eighty or a hundred, remained and voted unanimously that such services should be sustained, and there was a ring of promise in the vote. A secretary was elected and a committee chosen to provide for future services, of which the secretary, F. C. Mahoney, is chairman. A resident family of live Unitarians—whose departure from Sheffield, Ill., one year ago was deeply regretted—aided by post-office mission work from the St. Paul center, have made these results possible. "Nothing finer ever laid out of doors", is the verdict of one who ought to know all about the country here.

J. R. E.

Janesville, Wis.—The former home of our senior editor did itself credit on Sunday, October 31, by holding a large meeting to consider the associated charities. The meeting was held in the rink; there were sittings for 1,500 and standing room for 500 more. Every place was occupied by 7:30, the hour for which the meeting was called, and many people were turned away from the door. The ministers of the city preached each a charity sermon in the morning, and were all on the platform in the evening. Father McGinnity, a Catholic priest, led in prayer, the city band played sacred music, a male quartet sang selections and led in the closing hymn. The speaker of the evening was W. Alex. Johnson, Secretary of the Charity Organization society of Chicago, who very fully explained the need of organized charity and the plans of the associated charities, and redeemed his promise to the directors of that society that when he had done the people of Janesville should understand what "associated charities" means. The committee of arrangements had decided not to take up a collection, but a voluntary movement on the part of some citizens resulted in a very handsome sum being handed to the treasurer. Our brother Waite could not be present. He preaches in two cities some distance apart every Sunday. He was seen on Monday morning on his way home at the junction, and he sent cordial greetings to Chicago friends. It goes without saying that he and his church are among the most hearty supporters of associated charities, as are Unitarians everywhere.

Announcements.

TREASURER'S REPORT OF THE WOMAN'S WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE, MAY 12 TO NOVEMBER 1.

| RECEIPTS. | |
|---|-----------------|
| By cash in hand May 12..... | \$ 1.36 |
| By annual memberships..... | 180.00 |
| By church at Davenport, Iowa..... | 5.00 |
| By Church of the Messiah, Chicago..... | 50.00 |
| By Third Church, Chicago..... | 12.00 |
| By Mrs. E. A. West, Chicago..... | 2.00 |
| | \$250.36 |
| PAYMENTS. | |
| To traveling expenses corresponding sec..... | \$ 11.50 |
| To postage stamps and stationery for treasurer..... | 5.25 |
| To cards, note-heads and envelopes, W. W. U. C..... | 8.75 |
| To salary—corresponding secretary..... | 91.64 |
| To rent and expenses, central office..... | 108.00 |
| To Unity Missions..... | 8.95 |
| To 1,000 circulars, Chas. H. Kerr & Co..... | 1.50 |
| To incidentals—corresponding secretary..... | 3.60 |
| To Sunday School Society, bookshelves, twine and paper..... | 5.12 |
| To 500 "slips", Chas. H. Kerr & Co..... | 2.00 |
| To Balance..... | 4.05 |
| | \$250.36 |

ANNUAL MEMBERSHIPS RECEIVED FROM JUNE 10 TO NOVEMBER 1.

[Mrs. M. G. Slayton, Miss Henrietta Hyde, Mrs. John E. Brown, Mrs. G. A. Follansbee, Mrs. D. P. Houston, Mrs. H. S. Mitchell, Mrs. A. Kries, Mrs. Chas. Dupee, Mrs. Henry Sayres, Mrs. Joseph Shippen, Mrs. M. Ayres, Mrs. G. O. Shields, Mrs. D. Ostrander, Mrs. D. Swinerton, Miss S. P. Moody, Dr. J. Caldwell, Mrs. A. H. Lord, Mrs. Sarah Barker, Mrs. F. A. Johnson, Mrs. Thos. Wallin, Mrs. E. P. Talbot, Mrs. C. A. Tinkham, Mrs. Jerome Beecher, Mrs. S. C. Tobin, Mrs. Chas. A. Chapman, Mrs. E. J. Loomis, Mrs. N. S. Perkins, Mrs. W. F. Wentworth, Miss Medora Welch, Mrs. W. G. Cutler, Mrs. Elizabeth Webster, Mrs. Geo. W. Adams, Mrs. M. C. Bullock, Chicago, Ill.
Mrs. Clara P. Bourland, Peoria, Ill.; Mrs. F. J. Howe, Wright's Grove, Ill.; Mrs. C. B. King, Hyde Park, Ill.; Mrs. C. J. Richardson, Prince-